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TWENTY DOCTORS IN THE FIELD.

The generous support the public is giving THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund justifies an increase of the corps of free physicians, and in a few days we shall have twenty doctors in the field.

Of this corps five physicians will be detailed to Brooklyn, and the same methods that have been so successful in practical work in New York will be followed there.

There is, of course, a boundless opportunity for such a noble charity in the metropolis and its vicinity. THE EVENING WORLD does not pretend to cover but a portion of the immense field. But it does aim to do its work thoroughly, and to save as many little lives as possible.

The scope of the work will be even further enlarged should the size of the growing fund justify it.

COMPOUNDING FELONY.

The following advertisement appeared conspicuously in yesterday's issue of the Mail and Express:

\$25 REWARD.

\$25 reward and no questions asked for return to the MAIL AND EXPRESS office of four letters left for the postman on the letter-box on 42d Street and Lexington Avenue. PUBLISHER MAIL AND EXPRESS.

Now, the above contains a direct offer to compromise a possible felony, which is a grave offense in the eyes of the law. It is a matter for surprise that a gentleman of Col. SHEPARD's intense convictions should so flatteringly propose to become a violator of law. For that is what it is, and there is no evading the force of the point.

The person who took the letters stole them. To promise immunity to such person if they are returned is hardly the way to uphold the majesty of the law.

There is too much of that kind of dicker- ing with thieves. It is a favorite way bank directors have of teasing absconding cashiers to disgorge a portion of their stealings.

Col. SHEPARD should be above such a proceeding.

WHAT ARE THEY?

The claim is now set up by certain Aldermen that they are not city officers. The object of this claim is to avoid the necessity of resigning their seats as Aldermen by those who have designs on State legislative honors. The Constitution prohibits the election of any person holding a city office within one hundred days of a State election to the Legislature.

This argument may throw a flood of light upon the actions of many Aldermen. It is generally thought by the people that there is scant attention paid to the city's welfare by those officials, and it may be that their indifference thereto is attributable to their belief that they are not city officers. But what are they? There are reasons for the belief that they are representatives of private interests. This is an interesting question.

A MERITED REBUKE.

The attempt of CLARENCE W. BOWEN to induce the Chamber of Commerce to pass resolutions highly discourteous to Mayor GRANT in connection with the preliminary arrangements for the World's Fair was a flat failure. It is apparent that Mr. BOWEN is afraid that he will not be as conspicuous in the coming great event as he desires. There is no mistaking the fact that the people of New York have had a surfeit of BOWEN in connection with the recent Centennial. What they want now is a prolonged rest from him.

The manly and forcible manner in which CORNELIUS N. BLISS rebuked young BOWEN's assurance was very creditable. After being squeaked with such unanimity by the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. BOWEN ought to realize what a mighty small potato he is. The World's Fair project is too great to be meddled with by small fry.

GOOD FOR ELLEN!

Two sneak thieves were apprehended last night while meditating a robbery on West Thirty-fourth street through the courageous conduct of the domestic employed in the house intended to be robbed. The girl, ELLEN MCCORMACK, caught the thieves as they were climbing the fence in their attempted flight, when they knew they had been discovered, and despite cruel punishment inflicted upon her by them held the rascals until the police arrived and took them into custody.

Such bravery on the part of male or female is a rarity, and the devotion of this girl to the interests of her employers deserves highest praise and substantial recognition. Good for ELLEN!

Musical in Mount Morris Park. Clippie's Seventy-first Regiment band will perform a selected programme of music at Mount Morris Park this evening at 8 o'clock.

WEE SUFFERERS.

Many of Them in the Care of the Free Physicians.

Babes of the Poor Carefully Nursed Back to Life.

Steve Brodie Fills a Little Bank on His Swim.

Neil Nelson and Dr. Constable Make a Record for Themselves.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD.....	\$100.00
Already acknowledged.....	9,224.80
Steve Brodie's swim.....	20.00
A. G. Y.....	1.00
M. H. S.....	2.00
John.....	1.00
C. J. Hildeheimer.....	1.00
B.....	.50
Greider & Sonheim.....	1.10
Left Hand.....	5.00
Elizabeth Hensen.....	5.00
Brooklyn Inspector.....	1.00
Bessie G.....	2.00
Port Ewen.....	.25
Hammerlough, Saks & Co.'s Em- ployees.....	8.10
H.....	.60
Bill.....	.02
G. J. K.....	1.00
Amanda.....	1.00
Mrs. F. C.....	.50

Has Many Calls for Money.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Please accept the enclosed \$1 for your Sick Babies' Fund. I have very little time and money to spare, but I think I can spare a trifle to help a good cause. A. G. Y.

Thanks for Good Wishes.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Find enclosed 50 cents for Sick Babies' Fund. May God bless your noble efforts.

A Thanks Offering.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Inclosed please find my mite, \$5, for the benefit of sick and suffering babies. May God bless and encourage you in your good work, and accept this thanks offering from yours LEFT HAND.

A \$5 Contribution.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Please find inclosed check for \$5 for the Baby Fund. ELIZABETH HENSEN, 26 Waverley place.

Help for the Good Work.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Please accept the inclosed \$2 to help the good work on, which you have so nobly instituted. PONGHEEPSIE, N. Y.

Thanks! We Will.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Will you kindly forward the inclosed \$1 to the poor family who were evicted from 284 Mulberry street. AMANDA.

If He Were Jay Gould.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Inclose herewith \$1, my contribution to the Sick Children's Fund. If I were Jay Gould I would add six ciphers to the above. G. J. K.

Entertainment for the Baby Fund. The Novelty Quartet have enlisted the services of a number of friends, and will give a musical and literary entertainment, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the Sick Babies' Fund. Mr. H. R. Jacobs has kindly loaned his Third Avenue Theatre for the occasion.

The following bill, which they have prepared, speaks for itself:

Grand musical and literary entertainment by the Novelty Quartet, at H. R. Jacobs' Third Avenue Theatre, commencing at 8 o'clock, Saturday evening, Aug. 3, 1889. Proceeds for the benefit of THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund.

Programme: Part I.—Overture, "Potpourri." Novelty Quartet; vocal, selected, John W. Pongheepsie; piano, solo, La. F. Pongheepsie; recitation, "Jack Tar," D. H. Scully; guitar solo, selected, Chas. Devine; song, "The Sail-boat," N. J. Scully; recitation, "Short Talk to the Ladies," Lily Langtry; Richardsons' band solo, "Waiting," A. R. Hartman; recitation, sketch by request, "Taint What You Think It Is," Pete Skright; Part II.—Ballet, "Centennial." White Brothers, (Gilette and Boerling); hand solo, "Swak," M. Pongheepsie; P. Richardson; violin solo, selected, Carl Lutzer; garden City Quartet; solo on crystal glasses, selected, S. D. Smith; specialties, selected, John Leavitt; harmonica solo, melody, Sadie M. Elmdorf; "F. Kelly; piano solo, "I'll Troware," D. O'Connor. To conclude with William Henry, J. H. Morgan, J. B. Fiske; Manager, Theo. D. C. Miller, M. D.; stage director, P. Richardson. Doors open at 7:15 o'clock, curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents, reserved seats 25 cents extra.

The "Babies" This Time.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Our specialties are "Men's and Youth's," but this time we have thought it our duty to cater for the little ones. We hope this small sum (\$8.10) will influence other houses in the trade to follow our example.

Hoolah Oolah Goolah and talented employees of HAMMERLOUGH, SAKS & CO.

FOR SICK BABIES.

Steve Brodie's Long Swim and Collections on the Beach.

"Just left that! I'm going out to collect a little and then I'll start up."

"That" was a small square iron safe, which was heavy enough, and had a copper sound when its innards were shaken up. For eight days it has been in the smiling custody of Steve Brodie's devil, and the tender-hearted, thrifting soul who came in for a beer used to drop some coin in it for THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund.

For every pint of beer that Steve sold four cents went into the safe. The devil, who is a very expensive bronze devil from Paris, and cost a cool \$1,000, seemed to snuffle more broadly than ever at the idea of his keeping money for poor sick babies. This wasn't in the line of a Paris devil's work at all.

Then Steve Brodie thought he would raise some cash more expeditiously, and vowed he

Vigor and Vitality

Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired feeling, that entirely exhausted blood, that indigestion, that listlessness, that loss of health in disease to every organ. The stomach is toned and strengthened, the appetite restored. The kidneys and liver are freed and invigorated. The brain is refreshed, the nerves strengthened. The whole system is built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was all run down and unfit for business. I was inclined to take a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it built me up in a few days. I was now able to resume work. I recommend it to all." D. W. B. STATE, 4 Martin street, Albany, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apocryphics, Lowell, Mass. 100 DROPS ONE DOLLAR.

would swim from Blackwell's Island to the Battery for the ailing little kids.

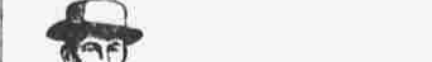
"I was a poor chap in a tenement-house for six years," said the stocky little chap.



BRODIE IN HIS SWIMMING TUBE, with his honest smile, "and I kinder know what it is for the young ones to be suffering, cooped up there in the heat."

After a few minutes Steve came back and the safe was heavier than ever. THE EVENING WORLD reporter, who was out to see Steve through on his water picnic, took charge of it, and the party took an "L" train to William B. Johnson's swimming school at the foot of West Fifty-fifth street. Stephen B. had his marine regimentals there.

At 12:15 he came on the float in a very puffy rubber suit. He looked like an Esqui-



ing ferryboat took him high in the air like a piece of turtle fat in any soup.

As the bridge was approached the swimmer looked up at the dizzy middle point and said to those in the boat, "There is what made me."

He had straightened himself as he looked up to the dizzy height, and reflected on the faint, swooning sensation which came over him as he shot down from there in his famous jump over the boy.

As he drew near the Battery the whole seafront was lined with a thick mass of people. It was 3:10 o'clock precisely when Brodie paddled up to the float, and coralling the iron safe succeeded in passing around the boy.

There was such a crowd that instead of waiting for the coin to be put in the slot in the top of the safe, Brodie passed around a derby hat into which the nickels and pennies dropped freely.

The small boys, in a state of the wildest admiration, surged around the bridge-jumper. They plucked at his hat and cried out, "You're all right, Steve!" "Steve, how was de water?" and a hundred other things that suggested themselves at the moment.

At last he made the circuit. The trumpeter blew his last sad notes and the last of the bombs had been exploded, letting fishes and queer Asiatic dolls float downward gently to the water.

Steve and his charitable devil, man who had been in a coal-mine. Rubber tubes, fore and aft, were dangling from his head, and a little patch of face looked out on the water.

"Here, just blow me up a little more," said Brodie, and one of the young men put the tube to his mouth and got very red in the face as he imparted some of his lung force to the rubber suit.

"Goodby, boys," cried Steve. He gave a hop and plumped into the water like a frog. In a moment more he had turned his toes towards the Battery and his double paddle was in vigorous motion. His long swim had begun.

A small gun had been fired as he took to the water, and a bomb was exploded. A brown elephant drifted slowly down from the air as the result of the last, and the reporter, with George Noble and two others, to row and look after the fireworks, followed after the swimmer in the only boat there, a flat-bottomed affair.

The tide had not turned and the waves were running pretty high. Brodie had not gone fifty yards before a big one broke bang in his face, and he got salt water enough to last him for a month. At the same time the boat presented her side to a big wave and shipped most of it. This had the effect of supplying an even temperature to the feet of the crew, as they were in two inches of good, healthy water.

The black object afloat, looking like a fat tick, was making very good time, and the double paddle moved with the regularity of a clock.

A young man of marked musical temperament, who had charge of a small brass band in the boat, noisily burst himself every now and then with blowing a raspy but deafening note at intervals of the journey.

The river was exceedingly rough, and the sky was lowering, but Steve Brodie had less



READY FOR THE START.

chance of getting wet than any one in the party. It was only when a big wall of water poured over into his face that he felt as if he was swimming.

At thirty-fourth street pier, Brodie hailed the boat to turn in. "There's a crowd there and I'll pass around the safe," he said. Sure enough, there was a crowd. The pier was thick with people, men and boys, who had been waiting to see Steve paddle down the stream.

"There he is, Cully. I've see 'm," cried one of the Mother who was paddling around in the water like a duck.

"How are yer, Steve?" was cried by a dozen voices as the fat-looking thing climbed out of the water upon to the pier. Another bomb had been shot off, and several parti-colored disks sailed slowly down to the water.

After showing his way through the crowd with his safe, Steve came to the end of the dock and passed the iron receptacle, heavier than ever, down to the reporter in the boat. The trumpeter blew his horn and plunk! Brodie was afloat again.

The mob on the dock cheered and whooped it up, and two small boys started enthusiastically to swim after him.

Turn up at the pier of the Charities and Correction," cried the swimmer, and when the big mass of Bellevue Hospital rose on the river's bank at Twenty-sixth street there was a cheer.

Here Mr. Patrick Devine, when he heard the swim and the attending boys were out on an ever charity, declared that the party ought to be in better condition, and loaned the rowers an elegant cedar keel-bottomed boat, the Winnie.

"That is my contribution to the fund."

MEANWHILE they would not be without MORRIS' TRAMPING COMRADE. Price 20 cents.

Mr. Devine said, and the occupants of the old flat-bottomed boat, who had found the swimmer of the water, gently pushed against the seat of their trunks and, tapping against their ankles was getting to be very monotonous, appreciated the light boat which was trimmed so easily.

"If any of you fellows think this is fun I'd like to have you try it. Have you got any water?" said Mr. Devine.

Not a drop. Nor was there anything in the shape of beverage. No passing tug, the Blue Stone, N. Y., was hailed, and she came to and gave the rubber-tubed swimmer a drink of water.

At the last landing had developed a desire to take the iron safe, but this highwayman scheme was put down by the hold front of Steve B. and his attendant, and the precious repository was to be turned in due form, heavier than ever.

There was a stretch of nasty "tide runs" up here, and the plucky swimmer had to apply to the relief boat for a handkerchief to dry his wet countenance. He gravely dried his face and returned it.

At the boats that passed looked with intense interest at the great bridge-jumper doing his charity swim. They crowded to the rail, and the ladies waved their snowy gloves to encourage the generous swimmer. Now and then he had to steer clear of a big log of wood, and he would send it rolling away with a good shove of his rubber boat.

He hugged the Brooklyn shore for a part of the way here, as the water was more favorable. Now and then the waves from a passing



HOW HE LOOKED IN THE WATER.

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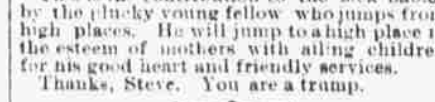
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we go upstairs, all the way up; ascend the ladder and climb through the scuttle, cross the roof to the next house, creep down to the top floor, and on down to the sidewalk, to begin all over again, and ask at every door for a possible invalid. The experience is a new one, for on the tenement roof I get nearer heaven than ever before in my life, while the doctor is able to accomplish double the amount of work possible in a more round-about way. Twenty houses are covered, 200 families visited and several hundred women and children treated.

I am hurried along in my efforts to preach domestic science, kitchen gardening and the doctrines of soap and water, but for the sick, no matter about the age or sex, the doctor has time, attention, interest and sympathy in abundance, and generally a prescription.

In the short walk along the sidewalk he looks into baby faces, takes the little one in his arms and tells the nurse what to do for its comfort. He ties up sore limbs and toes, and several times he passes judgment on a tube nursing bottle, and fits it with a new, clean rubber nipple from his satchel. Three prescriptions are written for sick babies in arms that we meet in the street.

At 257 Avenue B the first house call is made. We go at once to the second floor, rear flat.

"Oh, doctor, I am so glad to see you!" is the greeting that comes from a sweet, soft, tired-looking little woman who bends over a tub of clothes. The brightness of her face and the goodness that shines in her eyes make her pretty in spite of her poverty. The little room is clean and tidy, the stove is bright with polish and over the deal table hangs the immortal "Rock of Ages."

There are four little ones in the family. Two have gone on the excursions and two are in the kitchen window, Kate, twenty months, and blue-eyed Charles, two months. Charles does not take up much room. You could hide him in a cigar-box, and in the rocking-chair where he lies he is almost lost. He has meningitis and the Summer complaint, and so little strength that an encounter with a canary would vanquish him. And yet the doctor says, "Ha, ha! old man," when he sees him, for the night before he had taken Charles's coffin measure.

Poor Kate has but a slightly firmer hold on life. Her eyes are as blue as sapphires and hair like threads of amber, but if there is any blood in her system it is not apparent from the surface of her slight little body.

Kate has an inordinate thirst for coffee, which is making her as nervous as a kum of St. Vitus. She scorns the regulation baby food, but the doctor presented her with a new kind, and she is to be braced up on cod-liver oil, dressed up in new clothes and sent to the Seaside Hospital with inanimate Charles.

"It is a hard struggle," the mother tells us, "for us to live. My husband is a baker. He gets \$8 a week and bread, but we pay \$8 a month for rent, and when the bills are settled there is nothing left to buy clothes."

Mrs. C., who lives at 545 East Sixteenth street, has two beautiful boys, aged eighteen months collectively, that the doctor has just brought through a severe attack of cholera infantum. They live in a front room and are so bereft of the comforts of life that they have to go to bed while their dress suits are being pressed out.

At 511 East Sixteenth street we find a young woman merrily capering about a back kitchen with Jennie and Jimmie, age two and three years respectively, the occasion of her joy being the employment of her husband, who for nine months has been unable to get work.

Here's the letter, doctor. Read it for yourself. He'll work on a poultry farm up in London, Canada, and get \$0. He starts to-night. He'll have to pay \$5 a week board, but the other \$4 will easily pay the rent and give us plenty to eat. Yesterday we had nothing all day but half a pound of crackers a neighbor gave me. This morning my mother-in-law brought the children sugar cakes and gave me 25 cents, and here's a bit of meat I got for soup.

"Do I like my mother-in-law? She's the best woman that ever lived. God bless her! We'd have died long ago of starvation but for her. She sewed carpet for seventeen years, but now she is too old to work. Everything she gets is laid aside for these children, even the bread my sister gives her."

The package the doctor has is for her children. There are slippers, stockings and dresses, a box, a box and a pair of shoes, a cake of soap, a box of infant's food and a soft toilet sponge, with which Mr. Jim proceeds to scour the lane stove.

The poor mother's gratitude is expressed in a flood of tears, and when she blindly hugs for the doctor's hand, he pats her on the shoulder and asks where the baby is.

Bartholomew is twenty weeks old and nothing like as long as his name. He has the group and comes from the dark, closet-like bedroom, beaded with perspiration.

The babe is tenderly stripped of its little slip, the doctor sounds the little lungs, presses his ear against the slight frame to catch the heart beat, looks concerned, fills three prescriptions for a foot, bath and elixir and orders the child to the fresh-air trip down the bay. We give the hopeful young mother money enough for a week's supply of wholesome food for herself and little ones and leave her softly weeping and beautiful Jim industriously sponging the stove.

At the foot of the stairs a voice calls out. "Good-by, doctor, and God bless you. Tell THE EVENING WORLD we will pray for it every night."

In 512 East Fifteenth street, Mary, aged eight years, is found in a kitchen, crying as if her little heart would break. She has sore eyes and a ghastly white complexion neither beautiful nor pleasing to contemplate. Considering her emac